

A Full and Ample Explanation, Of one King James's Declaration.

With all the Charms of *France* and *Rome*,
I to my Native Country come ;
Popery in on Hand, (from our Mother)
And *Slavery* I bring in th' other,
To Rescue you from the *Oppression*
Of *Laws* and *Protestant Succession* :
I doubt not but each honest *Tory*
Will own my *Right Hereditary*.
Know then I am *the very Man*,
Descended from the *Warming-Pan*.
I've hir'd some Priests with ready *Rinos*,
To prove my *Right Jure Divino*.
No Union shall henceforth molest,
But *Party-Discord* fill the Breast
Of my true Subjects, who defy
The Name of *Christian Charity*.
I've brought the necessary Tools,
To serve the *Knaves*, and please the *Fools*.
Here's a *French Spunge*, with which I'll pay
The *Nation's Debts* the shortest way.
For *Perjury* here's a *Dispensation*,
Will cure the Qualms of half the Nation.
To shew I am the *true Pretender*,
My Subjects of the *Doubtful Gender*
I value most, such as will break
Oaths for pretended *Conscience* sake ;
Pretend the *Danger of the Church*,
Only to leave it in the *Lurch*.
To their new Schemes I am no stranger,
I'll quickly put it out of *Danger*.
I'll change the Genius of the Nation,
By a new *Transubstantiation*,
And make your *darling Church* become,
From *Church of England*, *Church of Rome*;

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Yet can pretend to act the Thing,
Call'd *Protestant*, as well as *King*.
In doing this, I make no doubt,
My *High-Church Friends* will help me out,
That my *Success*, and their own *Ruine*,
May both appear to be their Doing.
Had my *Dear Sister* been but living,
I might have hop'd it of *Her giving* ;
But she, alas ! is gone, and all
Her latest Servants, I could call
My Friends, disgrac'd, and out of Pow'r,
Nay some committed to the *Tower*,
Impeach'd ! who then but must resent,
To see a *British Parliament*,
With all the Power of Arms and Laws,
So zealously oppose my Cause :
Pay *Dutch*, raise *English* Troops and Seamen,
And may, perhaps, bring more from *Bremen*.
Can my good Subjects bear this still,
And thus be *fav'd against their Will* ?
However, if you'll still consent,
To *Damn* that thing call'd *Parliament*,
Burn *Magna-Charta*, bring Confusion
On all things since the *Revolution*,
Be govern'd by no other *Measure*,
But my own *Sovereign Will and Pleasure*,
I'll Pardon all, and what I've promis'd grant
All Oaths of Coronation, non obstante.

F I N I S.